



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## THE LATE MRS. DASSELL.

**T**HIS eminently excellent woman and artist died in New-York, on the morning of December 7th, 1857. Her loss is one to excite sympathy and regret. Her career of usefulness, as an artist, seemed just fully opened, and promised brightly, indeed, for her fame. The *Tribune* referred to her as follows:

"She was a native of Königsberg, in Prussia, the daughter of a wealthy banker of the name of Borchard. Her father lost his fortune in 1836, when his daughter, who had been highly educated, determined to devote herself to painting, as a profession. She then spent four years at Dusseldorf and two years in Italy, and finally came to this country about 1848, where she soon after married. She was a person of fascinating social qualities and unwearied benevolence. As an artist, her portraits were greatly esteemed by a numerous circle of friends. She was an associate member of the National Academy of Design."

A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* gives us the following further reminiscences of the lady:

"About ten years ago, Hermine Borchard, a Prussian artist, arrived in this country. Happening to visit the Bavarian Consul in Philadelphia, to see a statue by Steinhausen, we were struck by the portrait of an Italian peasant woman, on the wall of the Consul's *salon*. Observing the interest excited by a picture which awakened some of the most delightful associations of foreign travel, the Consul informed us that the work came from the pencil of a young lady of Königsberg, who, from a natural love of art, left home to study at Dusseldorf and Rome, and after several years passed in the ateliers of the best masters in those cities, had recently come to the United States to set up her easel in New-York. The Consul expatiated upon the talents, worth, and isolated position of his *protégé*, whom we found, on returning to Gotham, occupying two rooms in the third story of a private house, surrounded with Italian sketches, heads of famous models, studies from the old masters, portfolios and palettes. She was of German mould—short and thick-set—but her olive complexion, expressive dark eyes, and sweet smile, breathed of the sunny south.

"At this time she spoke but little English, and that with a *naïve* pronunciation singularly pleasing. Her simple manner, kindly disposition, modesty, and ardent love of Art, combined with her solitary position, instantly excited an interest in her behalf. Accordingly she gained friends rapidly, and had as many orders as she could fulfill. The Art Union bought some of her pictures; the National Academy elected her an honorary member; some of our best families sent their daughters to her as pupils; she was often seen at the *soirées* of Mrs. Botta and of Dr. Robinson's accomplished lady. She executed many portraits in *pastel*, and numerous fancy heads and groups in oil. Eight years ago she married a countryman—Mr. Dassell; and her brother, an able Lutheran divine, is settled over a large German congregation, at Dayton, Ohio. Mrs. Dassell's charities, domestic virtues and devotion to art, had thus gradually acquired for her the esteem and sympathy of many of our most respected citizens. She was early and late at her easel, walking out daily with her children, and usually passed the summers at Newport, R. I., where she had many friends and plenty of portraits to execute. Great, therefore, was the sorrow of a large circle of Germans, and of our own citizens, at the unexpected announcement of the death of Hermine Dassell, after a brief illness. She made but one dying request, and that was to be buried in Greenwood. Her last works were two celebrated and admirable copies of the 'Othello' and the 'Fairies' of the Dusseldorf Gallery. She leaves a husband and three children. Agreeable in conversation, an enthusiast in art, frugal, industrious and affectionate, she was worthy of the love she inspired and the grief with which she is lamented."

The paintings referred to, together with several others of equal merit, were done for the COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION, and were included among those awarded to subscribers in March last. The possessors of these fine works from her hands should hold them as precious legacies.

We acquire mental strength by being left to our own resources; but when we depend on others, like a cripple who accustoms himself to a crutch, we lose our own strength and are rendered dependent on an artificial prop.

## THE FUNERAL OF CRAWFORD.

December 5th, 1857

THE tears that silent fall,  
The ritual and the pall,  
The dirge and crowd of mourners gathered round,  
Declare a vanished breath,  
The cold eclipse of Death—  
But worth and Genius rend its narrow bound;

Their offspring cannot die;  
And fondly hover nigh  
To soothe the anguish they may not control  
What an undying race,  
In forms of placid grace,  
To Fancy's gaze reveals the Sculptor's soul!

A harp's low, quivering note  
Above us seems to float  
Like the faint murmur of a lover's sigh,  
And a lithe shape to glide,  
Seeking the ravished bride,  
As eager Orpheus moves expectant by!

And Liberty's appeal  
From lips of bronze to steal,  
As eloquence uplifts persuasion's hand;  
While near, transfixed in thought,  
From inward raptures caught,  
Music's high priest before us seems to stand.

With firm, exalted mien,  
In rectitude serene,  
Our Country's Father reins his martial steed;  
And thronging to the rite,  
Looms on our aching sight,  
A vast procession from the quarry freed:—

Pandora's queenly breast,  
And Cupid's loving zest,  
The Grecian hero and the Saxon child;  
And death's angelic sleep  
Seems evermore to creep  
O'er the clasp'd infants lost amid the wild.

Hushed be the requiem's wail,  
As forms so mute and pale,  
Yet warmed to life by thy creative art,  
Haste, like pure spirits, here,  
To consecrate thy bier,  
And living still proclaim thy dauntless heart.

Beauty's immortal quest  
Sustained privation's test,  
Until youth's vision manhood's prize became:  
Then the delights of home,  
And hallowed air of Rome,  
Crowned thy unswerving prime with love and fame!

In Fortune's noon of might,  
Came the relentless blight,  
And Life's best triumphs thou no more couldst share;  
These hands that nobly wrought,  
And truth enamored sought,  
The chisel loosened then—to fold in prayer!

The Grief whose shadows rest  
Here in thy native West,  
An echo wakes in Art's perennial clime;  
Thy marble children wait,  
In beauty desolate,  
And brothers mourn thee in that haunt of Time!

\* \* \* \* \*  
With Art's eternal calm,  
With Faith's all-healing balm,  
And Love's unfading smile, thy spirit fled.  
Ah! no! by these we feel  
Its presence o'er us steal,  
Though kneeling tearful here beside the dead.

H. T. T.